

BENEATH THE SURFACE

With AL MALE

In the early light of morn—



Down to the waters of the Solway go these sturdy fishermen, balancing their nets shoulder-high in search of the shoals of salmon which abound in the Solway. They catch them in a novel way. (See story below.)

TOUGH MEN WITH TRUNCHEONS ARE The Salmon Fishers of the Solway

By F. W. REED

IT'S a strange and tough job, for tough men, catching salmon on the River Solway. The fishermen use the half-net, the only place where it is now used in Britain. Suspended on three poles stretched across another pole twenty feet in length, it looks an unwieldy piece of equipment, but they can certainly handle it with ease and effect. The reason it is hard work can be judged from the fact that they have to stand in the water for hours on end, holding the net against the tide.

Among them are William Hunter, aged 84, and Thomas Percival, aged 77, who are still taking an active part in the work.

Drawing lots for position

Standing together in a group, a small bag of numbered discs goes from one to the other, for each to draw the position he will take in the river. Then, according to the result, they form a line into the river as far as water level will allow. As the tide rises, the man farthest out moves into shallow water, and as it continues they



Tom Percival standing at the look-out post, searching the far bank for signs of the Scotch fishermen placing their nets.

The spotters on the hill

Every morning, on a hill-top overlooking the river, one of the fishermen stands at the look-out post, gazing through a telescope, following the movements of the Scotch fishermen on the far side of the river. Then, when they have seen where the Scots have placed their nets, they prepare to go to work.

When the tide reaches their particular village, perhaps at Bowness, where these pictures were taken, the men make their way to the water's edge, carrying their nets. (See picture above.) Dressed in waders reaching to their necks, rubber slippers, and a sack tied round their shoulders, with a wooden truncheon hidden inside, they look an amazing sight.



The line of fishermen in the river. One is just moving into shallow water.

"Egotism is usually just a case of mistaken NONENTITY."—Barbara Stanwyck.

THE "capitals" are mine ... the observation ... Barbara's ... I presume.

Anyway, as wife of one of the greatest film stars, Robert Taylor, and friend of the rest, as it were, she should have some idea of what egotism means.

You know, when you get right inside some of these egotists, you find, rather surprisingly, that they are egotists for one of two reasons.

One, of course, being that they consider themselves entirely self-sufficient ... the other that they realise their absolute weaknesses and surround themselves with SELF as a sort of sedative ... make their world population one, and avoid contact with anything which might give them cause to change their ideas.

The first type is positively overbearing ... whatever they say is right, and whatever they haven't studied isn't worth thinking about anyway ... they are completely self-satisfied, never even thinking of the anxieties of others ... or that others might have intelligence.

Ask them, of course if they formed theories as a result of experience, and they will invariably say, "Of course not ... but So-and-So says it in his book," and that's that.

What they miss

They never rub shoulders with the world, and miss everything that matters in consequence. They know that poor people exist, but don't know how, or care ... generally dismissing the topic with "The Government should look after that," and when you ask, "Did you use your vote?" the answer is usually, "Certainly not ... I hate politics."

Now, the second type have, as a rule, rushed to egotism for cover.

Usually timid, like wives of know-all husbands, or the remains of what once married an overbearing, possessive wife ... they generally have the most kindly nature ... but, having had every idea crushed before it even reached the stage of expression, they content themselves with reading good books and resigning themselves to the attitude of "Now, that's what I think, but as I cannot express an opinion, I'll nurse the idea, and isolate myself from the world of actuality."

In both cases I think Barbara is right.

They haven't got

The overbearing ones are nonentities because, having isolated themselves and made themselves self-sufficient, they cannot be compared with others whom they never run alongside, whilst the unfortunate second category are nonentities because they've been crushed, and haven't even any confidence in themselves, as far as competing with others is concerned.

I am not over-stressing the competing-with-others angle ... what I refer to is friendly,

helpful competition, team-spirit included ... competition with, PLUS consideration for, others.

If these egoists stay out ... then ... as far as the world and people in it are concerned, they are nonentities ... and, surely, rightly so.

★ ★ ★ ★

"Worry is the interest paid by those who borrow trouble."—G. W. Lyon.

Sorry, boys, but I really cannot agree with THAT one wholeheartedly. Perhaps Mr. Lyon has never been up against it. Maybe he hasn't had to scratch his head to figure out just where the rent is coming from or who the heck is going to feed the family.

Until you've known a few things like that you haven't lived ... and I am definitely speaking from experience.

And I also know that much worry is due to imagination, and crossing bridges before you come to them ... who hasn't had a packet of that?

Admittedly, if you get yourself into a jam, then, of course, the worry is yours, and you can have it all to yourself ... that IS borrowed trouble.

But I personally have never attained that state of supreme assurance that enabled me to eliminate worry about others whom I considered my own responsibility ... even though I knew that the worry only handicapped me from doing something about it.

Maybe the guy was right who said, "You die if you worry. You die if you don't. So why worry at all?"

And maybe it's well worth trying. Cheerio and Good Hunting.

THEY SAY— WHAT DO YOU SAY?

IDEALS AND POLITICS.

BEYOND and behind politics is something more important—the formulation of the ideals and purposes that give direction to politics and economics. Ethical control must be sustained and guided by a spirit that is essentially righteous.

Lord Samuel.

AGRICULTURE AND INDUSTRY.

IT is a poor outlook for the future if we are to cling to the old idea that agriculture can only be kept on its feet at the expense of industry, and vice versa. Fortunately there are many indications that both Parliament and the business world are becoming increasingly convinced that farming has a big part to play in the post-war world, and that this will be achieved, not by bitter rivalry ... but by redressing the balance so long and so disastrously lost between the two.

K. C. Gore (Sudbury).

OTHER CULTURES

TO abolish slavery was only the first step on the road towards understanding that most difficult of all lessons, that it was not enough to bring order into the world and to look after one's own cultural pattern and one's own nationals ... but that men of other races and of other cultures had as much right to live in the world as we had ourselves.

Lady Rhondda.

TELEPATHY.

IT is a pity that everything to do with so-called "psychic faculties" is rooted in a bed of associations which identifies them with what is morbid, superstitious or puerile; for people are thereby prevented from realising the fact that spiritualists and uninstructed dabblers are masking a natural, human faculty which, although undeveloped and little understood, is yet in some degree possessed by all.

G. N. M. Tyrrell.

THE FARM WORKER.

THE British farm worker knows his job as well as any other wage-earner, but farming is an industry that is moving very fast with the times. Would it not be worth while to keep the farm worker up to date with modern knowledge on all subjects that concern him, from, say, the prevention and cure of disease in farm stock to the efficient maintenance of the farm tractor?

P. W. Trumper
(The Queen's College, Oxford).

CRISES.

THE belief that crises produce great men presumably designed to deal with and overcome them is a modern version of the ancient cry for a saviour. It is a pleasant illusion with which we all like to comfort ourselves in the hope that we can remove the responsibility for saving the world from our own shoulders.

Prof. C. E. M. Joad.

Freedom and not servitude is the cure of anarchy; as religion, and not atheism, is the true remedy for superstition.

Edmund Burke.

SUNDAY FARE

Hobbies for Submariners

Bags from carpet binding

By MARY EVELYN

This article describes how very attractive handbags for ladies can be made from very simple materials — carpet binding — which can be bought cheaply and in lovely colours. For a lady's handbag, ten inches by seven, eight yards of 1½ in. braid are necessary.

TAKE some stiff paper and mark out with pencil and ruler twice the desired length of the bag when finished, if a zipp is used, and three times if a flap is desired.

Pin at the top and bottom strips of binding vertically over the rectangle, leaving an inch to spare at each end. Now weave the horizontals over and under the verticals, pinning in position at each end. Keep all the strips close together. When the rectangle is entirely covered, tack firmly all round before removing the pins. Then take out the pins, tack in the raw edges and tack again.

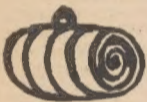
Cut out lining, half an inch larger all round than the bag. Turn this under and sew to the edge of the bag, either by machine or by hand. Press on the wrong side with a damp cloth before making up.

A gusset may be used or not, as desired. It is made up of two pieces of binding, the depth of the bag in length; join longways and hem at the top and bottom. The bottom is then



folded in half and top sewn across. Tack the gusset into position on the right side, wrong sides facing and the gusset folded towards the inside of the bag. Sew the zipp firmly along the top of the bag and finish with a tassel made of matching wool or a piece of braid.

Should a bag with a flap be desired, pencil out a panel three times the length desired when finished. If an even number be used vertically, an interesting finish may be made by bringing the middle two rows to a point (see diagram), so that the bag may be fastened with a button, or by a button made from a roll of binding.



The Button

Round the World in Britain

By MAURICE BENSLEY

IF you could lay hands on enough petrol to tour Britain, and you noted the places with foreign names that you passed through, you would have a remarkable list at the end of it. Dolau, Edrom, Bala, Bellozanne, Adelaide, Baltimore.

"You saw quite a lot of the world then," said a friend to whom I spoke of an extensive tour I once made during happier times. "Oh no," I said, "I just meandered through the British Isles."

You can wander through British towns and villages which call up visions of the Holy Land, of the gay-coloured robes of the Orient, of domed and turreted mosques, and the multi-scented bazaars of a Persian township.

You enjoy the illusion while lasts, but the Bethesda and Bethelnie of your "Palestine" visit are no farther away than Barnarvon and Aberdeen; the Persian-sounding Yazor is in Hereford; Alexandria is in Scotland.

Spain in Cumberland

Mention of Calvo might suggest an excursion in Spain, but you need only have been as far afield as Cumberland.

A Mediterranean cruise is suggested by a visit to Gibraltar—in Suffolk.

A friend's flights of fancy would surely whisk him to the orange groves of South America and the wide open spaces of Canada and the U.S.A. if you told him you had touched at Strata-Florida, Canada, Denver and Quebec.

Still at home

In reality you had merely been touring in Cardigan, the New Forest, the Fens and Durham.

How true it is that even in Britain you often do not know where you really are. You call at Kimberley in Notts, in Derbyshire you suddenly find yourself at Melbourne. And it's hard to believe you are merely a hundred miles or so from home when in Monmouth you pull up, astounded, at Sebastopol.

Acquaintances who profess to know the Continent like a book might be inclined to discredit your account of a day spent at Bergholt (Essex), Friockheim (Forfarshire), Beufre (Hants), or Hammoo (Dorset).

Ask a fellow where Denmark is, and he will certainly tell you it is across the North Sea—you can't make a fool of him that way! But the one you mean is in Glamorgan.

Then tell him that Holland is in Kent, and Normandy in Surrey.

A holiday tour can be full of odd surprises in this matter of place names. Did you know there are a Waterloo, Charing Cross and Victoria near the New Forest?

Lastly, Paradise

There's a Cheapside in Surrey, a Kingston and a Brixton in Devon, a Clapham in Sussex.

You can even claim to have made a trip to Paradise when you've found the village of that name in a remote corner of the Emerald Isle.

THE END OF BLACKBEARD

By RUSSELL SINCLAIR

GREAT STORIES OF THE SEA

IF he was not the greatest, he was one of the most vivid pirates who ever sailed the Spanish Main.

His real name was Edward Teach, but he was known as Blackbeard because he wore a long, black beard done up in plaits which covered his chest. He often stuck slow matches into these plaits to impress his victims with his ferocity. He was ferocious enough without the slow matches.

A native of Bristol, he held a skipper's certificate, sailed in several ships, and then, because the opportunities were good, he turned pirate. His crew were as tough as himself.

Sitting at meals in the cabin of his ship, he would suddenly, and, without warning, draw his pistols and fire them off under the table, regardless of wounding his mates. If they became startled he had no use for them as officers. He reduced them to the fore-castle.

His word was law. He held the power of life and death over his men. On one occasion, to show his strength, he had a culprit up on his quarterdeck, and, drawing his cutlass, he sliced the man's head from his shoulders. The head leaped so high with the stroke that it went overboard. Blackbeard threw the trunk after the head.

lieutenant, master, quarter-master, boatswain or carpenter, twenty pounds; all other inferior officers, fifteen pounds; every ordinary pirate, ten pounds. That was the price list.

On the 17th November, 1718, there sailed from Kicquetan, in James River, in Virginia, Lieutenant Maynard in a sloop with about forty men, to search for Blackbeard.

Maynard had information that the rover was in the Okerecock inlet, about twenty leagues from Bath Town. The British naval sloop arrived at the mouth of the inlet on the 31st November, but on the way along the coast Maynard had taken precautions to prevent all news of his movements reaching Blackbeard.

Heard about Maynard

In spite of this, Blackbeard had the news. He sent out four scouts to warn Maynard that he had over forty men with him in his own sloop and that no quarter would be given. The truth was that Blackbeard had only twenty men; but they were all murderers.

Finding that he could not reach Blackbeard's sloop in daylight, owing to the tide and shoals, Lieutenant Maynard lay quiet all night.

"Damnation seize my soul if I give you any quarter, or take it from you."

Maynard replied that that suited him; and the fight was on.

Sent in a volley

First, Blackbeard poured a volley from his guns into the British sloop, which did much damage.

Maynard ordered his men to get below, only the steersman and himself remaining on deck, but lying down. After this discharge the pirate sloop fell broadside towards the shore; and the British seamen got ready, expecting Blackbeard to board them.

He did, but before he did so he sent over a type of grenade that the Russians used against the Nazi tanks. These grenades were bottles filled with slugs, small shot, powder and pieces of iron, with quick matches at the stoppers.

And then, believing that the British seamen were all slain or "in confusion," Blackbeard came at them under the smoke screen.

At once Maynard gave the signal to his men, and as the air cleared Blackbeard saw the force awaiting him. Still he did not hesitate.

He was first on the sloop's deck, and the first shots fired were by Blackbeard and Lieutenant Maynard. They fired at each other. Blackbeard was slightly wounded, but the two went at it with cutlasses.

Maynard stepped back to cock his pistol again, when Blackbeard aimed a terrific blow at him with his cutlass. As the pirate raised his arm, one British seaman ran in under his guard and wounded him in the neck and throat. But the pirate's cutlass came down and sliced off one of Maynard's fingers.

And fought to the end

It was a fight to the death. Only twelve men were left to Maynard, while Blackbeard had fourteen.

The sea around was tinted with the blood that ran from the deck.

Again Maynard shot at Blackbeard, and yet the pirate stood his ground, hacking with fury at all around.

He received five shot wounds and nineteen cutlass thrusts before he went down; but he was up again, and, drawing his last pistol from his belt, he was in the act of aiming it at the lieutenant when death struck at him. He fell like a log.

By that time eight more of his men had fallen, and the remainder leaped overboard.



hoping to swim for the shore. But they didn't get there. Another British sloop, the *Ranger*, which had come to help Maynard, joined in and took the remnant prisoner.

Lieutenant Maynard cut off Blackbeard's head and hung it on the bowsprit, and sailed into Bath Town to show them that Blackbeard was really dead, and also to get attention to his own wounded men.

When Blackbeard's vessel was examined, papers were found aboard that proved that he had been bribing officials ashore, and also some traders, to give him information as to the movements of ships he could plunder.

But there was not a hint as to where he had hidden his treasure.

Yet his men who were captured swore that there was treasure on one of the islands. Some said it was in the Bahamas, some said it was farther down the Antilles. It is lying there to this day, and is not now likely to be discovered.

Every tub must stand on its own bottom.
Charles Macklin
(1690-1797).

The three great elements of modern civilisation, Gunpowder, Printing, and the Protestant Religion.
Thomas Carlyle.

Life is the art of drawing sufficient conclusions from insufficient premises.
Samuel Butler.

WHAT IS IT?



Here's this week's picture puzzle for you to solve. The answer to last Sunday's issue was the head of an ordinary nail.

He amassed wealth from his piracies. When he took a "gold" ship he would change her rig and paint out her name and distinguishing marks. Then he used her as an auxiliary pirate ship.

He made a million

It is believed that his treasure amounted to nearly a million sterling. But nobody ever knew where he buried it. Buried it is, somewhere on the islands of the Caribbean, but although diligent search has been made, it has not been found.

He became such a nuisance to traders that in the year 1718 the Governor of Virginia issued a proclamation in which the reward of one hundred pounds was offered for his capture, dead or alive.

The same proclamation put the price of the commanders of all other pirate ships or sloops at forty pounds; every

In the early morning he sent out a boat, which reported that the pirate was aground, but that he had heavy guns aboard. The British sloop had no heavier weapons than ordinary muskets.

Maynard hoisted the British flag and sailed in. But his vessel drew more water than that of the pirate, so the order was given to throw overboard all ballast. Then he stood in again.

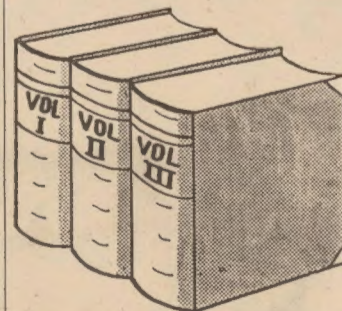
When Blackbeard saw him he appeared on deck and hailed: "Damn ye for villains. Who are ye and whence came ye?"

Lieutenant Maynard answered: "You see by my colours that I am no pirate."

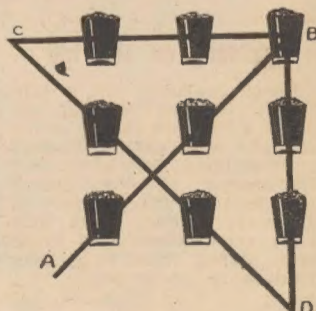
To this Blackbeard replied, inviting Maynard to "come aboard," so that he might know who he was.

To this Maynard answered that he would come aboard as soon as possible, but to seize him. Whereupon Blackbeard raged and swore, finally yelling,

PUZZLE CORNER



These three books each contain 100 pages. As they stand here, a bookworm starts at Page 1 of Vol. I and eats through to Page 100 of Vol. III. Disregarding covers, etc., how many pages does it eat through?



Answer to Puzzle in S 13.

To link the glasses together with four straight lines without lifting pen from paper, you start at A and carry on as follows: B - C - D - B.

BUCK RYAN

Somehow in the mountains of Corsica is the hotel which is managed by Roxane Pietro's mother. It has been commandeered by the Axis powers as Administrative headquarters, Military, Economic, Agricultural, etc...

Supervising all departments is the Kreis II of the Geheime Staatspolizei [Second circle of the Gestapo Organisation], which controls the policing of all Nazi foreign affairs from its G.H.Q., Alexanderplatz, Berlin

So the best room in the hotel is occupied by the Kreiskommandant

WHAT OF THE HOUSE-TO-HOUSE SEARCH, YOU ORGANISED, FOR THIS ENGLANDER-BUCK RYAN?

IT WAS FRUITLESS- I'M AFRAID, HERR KREISKOMMANDANT

THE EFFICIENCY OF OUR FÜHRER'S SCHUTZSTAFFEL IS BEING PLACED IN A LIGHT OF HUMILIATION WHILE THIS MAN IS AT LARGE. ALL LEAVE IS CANCELLED UNTIL HE'S CAUGHT

WE'RE HANDICAPPED BY THE LACK OF A DETAILED DESCRIPTION OF RYAN, HERR KREISKOMMANDANT

HE ASSAULTED A CARABINIER LAST NIGHT AND THE QUESTURA HAVE SENT US ONE

IT TALLIES PERFECTLY WITH THIS- WHICH I'VE JUST RECEIVED FROM PRINZ ALBRECHTSTRASSE. READ IT!

SO- HE IS KNOWN IN THE FATHERLAND!

YES, HE WAS TAKEN PRISONER IN 1940. HE ESCAPED BY MASQUERADING AS AN S.S. MAN AND ULTIMATELY, REACHED ENGLAND BY STEALING AND FLYING A DORNIER BOMBER. YOU MAY RECALL THAT HERR RUDOLPH HESS ADOPTED THE SAME PLAN SOME TIME AFTER?

I HEARD THAT HERR HESS IS TO BE SENT BACK TO BERLIN AFTER THE WAR AS BRITISH AMBASSADOR! IS THIS TRUE, HERR KREISKOMMANDANT?

HOW DID RYAN REACH THAT SEA-PLANE HANGAR, HERR KREISKOMMANDANT?

ACCORDING TO THE QUESTURA, HE SWAM ACROSS THE BAY. BUT WE CAN LEAVE THE ITALIAN NAVAL SECURITY TO WORRY OVER THAT

OUR JOB IS TO CATCH RYAN ALIVE! HE IS OBVIOUSLY BEING HARBOURED BY SOMEONE. THEREFORE, HE MUST BE CAUGHT AND GRILLED. MAKE HIM SQUEAL THE NAMES OF THOSE WHO SHIELD HIM!

CORSICANS HAVE A SNEAKING REGARD FOR THIS TYPE OF ADVENTURER. THEY'VE NEVER BEEN KNOWN TO INFORM, TO THE PREFECTURE, ON THEIR BANDITS-UNLESS PROVOKED BY THE REVENGE MOTIVE ... SO, HERR OBERFÜHRER, WE WILL APPLY A LITTLE 'DOCTOR GOEBBELS TECHNIQUE'

YOU MAY GO NOW, OBERFÜHRER! I SHALL EXPECT TO SEE RYAN IN YOUR CELLS- AT LEAST BEFORE THE QUESTURA GET HIM

IT WON'T BE LONG, MEIN HERR!

YOUR COFFEE, HERR KREISKOMMANDANT

IS THIS THE ERSATZ FILTH?

IT IS THE REAL, 'PRE-WAR', HERR KOMMANDANT

UG, ERK, ACH!

MADAME PIETRO! I'VE HAD ENOUGH OF THIS! YESTERDAY THERE WAS CAYENNE IN MY WINE! NOW THERE IS PARAFFIN OIL IN MY COFFEE! I DEMAND AN EXPLANATION!!

I'LL BE UP IN A MOMENT, M'SIEUR!

TASTE IT, MADAME. IT ISN'T COFFEE IT'S P-P-PARAFFIN OR SOMETHING! WHAT'S THE IDEA, WHAT'S YOUR EXPLANATION?

I THINK IT IS ONLY METAL POLISH, HERR KREISKOMMANDANT

ONLY! ONLY! VERDANT!

WELL, FIND SOMEONE WHO WILL, MADAME! YOU ARE RESPONSIBLE FOR THE STAFF... AND YOU SHOULD BE GRATEFUL THAT YOU ARE PERMITTED TO STAY HERE. BUT I MUST HAVE EFFICIENCY!

I'VE COME IN RESPONSE TO YOUR STRANGE MESSAGE, M'SIEUR MOQUET. I DON'T UNDERSTAND-

I HAD TO MAKE IT OBSCURE, MADAME PIETRO

MADAME PIETRO- IF THERE'S A REPETITION OF THIS SORT OF THING, I SHALL IMPOSE A FINE UPON THE WHOLE OF THE HOTEL STAFF!

THEY WILL ONLY LEAVE IF YOU DO! NONE OF THEM SEEM TO WANT TO STAY HERE FOR LONG!

I HAVE GOOD NEWS. YOUR DAUGHTER- ROXANE IS BACK IN CORSICA!

ROXANE! M'SIEUR IS NOT JESTING?

ON THE CONTRARY, MADAME SHE IS IN HIDING JUST NOW. CAN YOU GET HER BACK TO YOUR HOTEL WITHOUT CAUSING AN INQUIRY?

I THINK SO. IN FACT, THE TIME IS MOST OPPORTUNE, M'SIEUR!

NELSON'S COLUMN

BILLY MARSDEN, former Sheffield Wednesday and English international footballer, had arranged a soccer match in aid of the "Wings for Victory" Campaign.

It was to be a slap-up, crowd-pulling affair. He had got together two strong teams, containing several internationals. All the players had agreed to give their services free—to aid the cause.

Programmes, to be paid for from funds raised from whist drives and concerts during the winter, were in the printers' hands. Everything was set for a great day—

And then the F.A. took a hand.

They wrote to Millhouses (Sheffield) Savings Committee, under whose auspices the game was to be played, telling them that, because of a recent F.A. decision, the match could not be sanctioned.

It would, in fact, have to be abandoned.

Why? Well—because the F.A. had decided that there was to be no soccer between May 15 and the official opening of next season, to avoid any conflict with the promotion of summer games.

The Savings Committee pleaded for reconsideration of the decision.

They pointed out that the match was directly aiding the war effort. No individual would benefit by one halfpenny. And, moreover, preparations for the game were in hand months before the F.A. made their decision.

The F.A. were adamant and the match had to be scratched.

In its stead, there was a five-a-side cricket match between teams raised by Billy Marsden and Jack Pickering, Sheffield United F.C. captain. A very successful cricket match.

But a lot of people—not only in Sheffield—are asking, in no uncertain voice, why the heck the F.A. could not have waived their self-imposed rule when "Wings for Victory" were at stake.

The Football League has received a gentle rap over the knuckles from the F.A.—and told not to make the same mistake again.

The League, in a memorandum to clubs, instructed that amateur players should be placed on a retained list for next season; should be told that they are so retained—and that if any of them had a grievance, they could take it to the League Management Committee.

"The Management Committee will assume by the end of May, 1943," says the memorandum, "that this instruction has been complied with in respect of all amateur players on the new retained lists."

This instruction, says the F.A., is all wrong. The Football League have no right so to dictate to amateurs.

Their action infringes the rights of amateur players under F.A. rules, and, moreover, is not in accord with the League's own regulations.

Result—the League must now "correct the implication that amateur players can be retained by any club from year to year and must acknowledge the liberty of the amateur as specified in League regulations."

One up for the F.A.—and the amateurs.

Alf Whittingham, Southampton centre-forward, scored eight times against Luton in a South League game.

To mark the occasion they have presented him with the ball—autographed by all the players.

He certainly earned it!

COMPETITION for places on the Football League Management Committee looks like being keener this season than for years past.

Messrs. T. A. Barcroft (Blackpool) and H. French (Middlesbrough) retire according to rules, and will both seek re-election at the annual meeting in June.

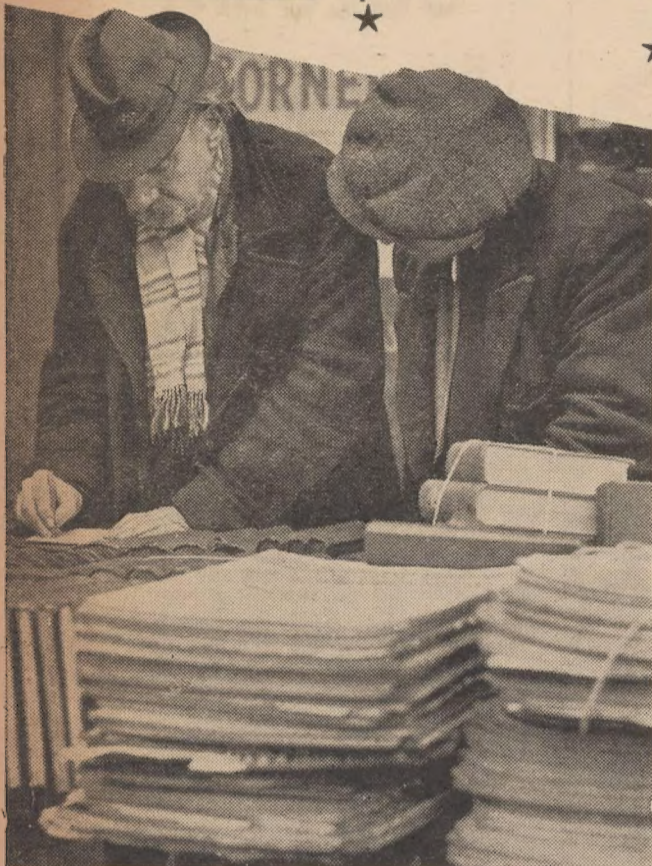
They will have no fewer than six opponents — Messrs. W. Smith (Manchester City), F. J. Bearman (Tottenham), C. Jeyes (Luton), P. Wood (Huddersfield), D. F. Wiseman (Birmingham), and S. L. Blenkinsop (Leeds) all seek election.

The President, Mr. W. C. Cuff (Everton) and senior vice-president, Mr. A. H. Oakley (Wolverhampton) also retire, but their re-election will be unopposed.

Good Morning

All communications to be addressed to: "Good Morning,"
C/o Press Division,
Admiralty,
London, S.W.1

BOOK WORMS AT WORK



Doing a deal in books at Manchester Shadehill Market. We don't know what his taste in literature is, but in this market there is always plenty of choice.

This Wales

Where the Welsh hills go down to the sea. A view of the beautiful country around the village of Aber, between Conway and Bangor.



MAKING —A MOVE



"I've been trying to make up my mind for two whole days about this. Really, it's quite puzzling—and, of course, one doesn't want to spoil one's chances. I think—no! I won't move that one—let me see now..."



"I've torn up two boards and eaten two sets of chessmen while she has been trying to make up her mind. Now they've put another one before me. I'll give her just two more minutes—and THEN..."



Dancer Vera Bradley had a ticket booked to Rio—where she was going to put the reputation of English dancers on the map. Then came the War, and put an end to her mission. Now she is well known as a London cabaret dancer.

SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

"He's going to monkey about with something in a minute"

